Spring 1933

1933 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein University

Quips and Quills

1933

Spring

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DEPRESSION
—WHAT?

LEARNING
OR
LOAFING?

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The QUIZ AND QUILL

SPRING NUMBER

1933

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Richard Allaman ..... Editor of Ho-Bohemia
Philip Deever ..... Business Manager

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LITERARY AWARDS

BARNES SHORT STORY, 1933

Roy Bowen, "But The Price Was High," first prize, $40.00.
LaVelle Rosselot, "Building," second prize, $20.00.
Parker Young, "Goin' Home," third prize, $10.00.

BURKHART SHORT STORY AND CODE, 1932

Richard Allaman, "Second Sight," $25.00.
Philip Deever, Code of Christian Conduct, $10.00.

QUIZ AND QUILL, 1933

Sager Tryon, "The Scientist Prays," Upper Class Poetry.
Hazel Forwood, "Train Smoke," Upper Class Prose.
Margaret Oldt, "Pictures from a Mountain Top," Lower Class Poetry.
Ruth Hunt, "Mad Aprilist," Lower Class Prose.

CHAUCER CLUB CRITICISM, 1933

Betty Zechar, "Review of 'Papa La Fleur'," first prize, $5.00.
Keith Hoover, "Review of 'The Laughing Pioneer'," second prize, $3.00.

SUMMARY OF THE BARNES SHORT STORY

Roy Bowen, "But The Price Was High".

Dealing with Alexander Hamilton, this story emphasizes his subordination of personal feelings to the service of his country. Hamilton, who bitterly hated Thomas Jefferson and who was scathingly denounced and insulted by the Jeffersonians, became convinced that Jefferson, and not his friend, Aaron Burr, was the man who would best serve his country as its President. His supreme devotion to national ideals led him to exert all his strength and influence in securing the election of Jefferson. This sacrifice of personal interest to patriotism is shown in all its poignancy by the thread of family life woven in the above theme.

COLLEGIATE!

PHILIP O. DEEVER, '34

I came home for a week's vacation, full of arrogance, worldly-wiseness, and condescension. This would be a dull time away from books and the fellowship of intellectual companions. There would be nothing worthy of my attention; no one would appreciate my wisdom and understanding; and there would be none with whom to discuss the weighty problems of the day. All would be humdrum and gossip. Friends would be going their weary, commonplace ways, and I should be bored.

But I should bear up well, displaying all the Christian graces I can muster. Perchance I could do these folk a little good—refresh them a bit with the sparkle of my wit, inspire them with the vigor of my youth, astound them with the extent of my knowledge. And maybe, if they seemed especially apt, I might even shock them with my advanced ideas and set them thinking new thoughts. That, of course, would be to their good. They would veritably sit open-mouthed at my feet and drink in eagerly from my bountiful store of good things . . . .

But they didn't! Carefully to some I broached the subject of religion, thinking they would be overwhelmed with the liberal views I expressed, and fully expecting that they would almost grow impatient with ideas so far removed from their own. They only listened calmly and thought I should get over it after while. I had not yet looked at the whole of life, they said!

I spent a day with friends on the farm. Surely they would respect my position. But, no, I was given a pair of boots and put to work. I waded like the pigs through the slime of the barnyard. I sweat with the others at the work in hand. Like them I wearied every muscle in my body. To be sure, I enjoyed the running water of the creek, thrilled at the song of the

birds, gloried in the beauty of the sky; but it was no more mine than theirs, nor was I better able to appreciate it. I shared with them their meal, and looked across the table into the face of a simple country girl who looked back unabashed, little realizing, perhaps, the dignity of the one who had favored her with a glance! Did she not know that I am a collegian? She seemed not to.

Thinking that mine were the most important problems in the world I went to hear a prominent traveler speak. He would be restful and cultural. But he spoke of problems vaster and more far-reaching than mine that were troubling the best minds of whole sections of the globe. He told of famine and revolution and confusion I could scarcely imagine. He painted pictures of depravity and despair. He revealed a need and pleaded for an answer. Somehow, in my interest in things collegiate, I had forgotten these unfortunate corners of the earth.

I talked with a teacher of my high school days and found (mirabile dictu) that she still knows a great deal more than I. I visited a classmate who never got beyond high school. His economic views are almost as enlightened as mine! And so on, I—

But it is enough. I have seen. My self-righteous, self-satisfied, supercilious pride has received a terrible blow, and until the effects of these overpowering experiences wear off and the collegiate atmosphere again permeates my being I shall be obliged to stumble ahead in utter humiliation.

I AM THE WIND

ARTHUR PALMER, Napoleon, Ohio
Second Prize, High School Literary Contest

I am the ever-changing wind.
Who sees more lands than I?
I blow alike
O'er both the poles,
O'er ocean deep,
Through valley wide,
'Cross fertile plains.
Through forests tall.
I am a vagabond.

I am the amiable wind.
Who is more kind than I?
I sail the ships,
The windmills turn,
Bring rainclouds in
From off the sea,
Spread fertile seeds
On fairy wings.
I am a wandering knight.

I am the cruel and heartless wind.
Who is more powerful than I?
I wreck whole towns,
I lash the sea,
Wash ships on rocks,
Up-root huge trees,
Drive down the hail,
Lay farm crops low.
I am a fiend of Hell!

ELUSION——

PARKER YOUNG, '34

A vision gone
Where words have failed to reach!
And yet—
Its essence beats within our souls.
We turn our faces from men's blaze of lights,
And seek assurance
In eternal stars.

TRAIN SMOKE

HAZEL FORWOOD, '34

First Prize, Prose, Upperclass

VACATION time! We speed along, the telephone posts fairly flying past. The smoke of the train is always visible, and in a few minutes I am fascinated in watching it. At times it is close to the window, blotting everything from sight. It may be a junk yard hidden from view or it may be beautiful hills. There is always the question as to what lies beyond the curtain.

The clouds of smoke are now dark, now white, ever changing. At times the sun shines through the gloomy curtain, making of it a shimmering, golden mass. Clouds of it rush past with a beauty not to be caught on any canvas. Now it is climbing higher and higher, forming grey clouds against the blue of the sky. Soon we are passing through a city and there are shadows thrown by the smoke against upright towers and buildings—shadows that are never the same.

We come to a standstill in the station; there, silhouetted against a brick wall, is a bit of the engine, with smoke puffing concentratedly from the stack and then shifting and spreading. Now it rushes ahead of the engine as if eager to see what lies beyond. Urged on by the eagerness of the smoke, we soon leave the town behind.

Dusk is on the way, and the smoke darkens with the evening—it was only a reflected glory. It turns into storm-threatening clouds and I am glad for my cheery home which is no longer far away.

A SCIENTIST PRAYS

SAGER TRYON, '34

First Prize, Poetry, Upperclass

O God, thou great eternal law
Which is our universe,
Hear me, thy child!

Make me to understanad thy way:
Make these two hands of mine
Steady and sure beyond their wont;
Cause thou mine eyes to see thy works,
And let my intellect perceive
And know the truth revealed.

O God, thou great eternal law
Which is our universe,
Hear me, thy child!

SONNET

ROY BOWEN, '33

When weary thoughts and dull envelope me,
Casting unsightly shades upon my life
Reminding me of petty feuds and strife,
Something deep within me yearns for free
Unhampered joy in earth and sky and sea,
Longs to purge my mind of all the rife
Disharmonies, and pricks me as a knife
For some true sense of all eternity.

I would see some mighty river's course,
And seeing, lose dire mem'rys ugly stain;
I would climb a towering mountain crest,
Abandon all my soul to nature's force,
To driving wind and cleansing slashing rain,
Then return, my spirit stilled and unoppressed.

MAD APRILIST

RUTH HUNT, '36

First Prize, Prose, Underclass

I have been walking for hours with the wind and rain in my face and the joy of first-April in my heart. There's a hint of newness everywhere. The brown fields have a frosting, however thin, of green. The dripping woods are shiny-black and have the smell that belongs to new things. Under the bridge at my feet the rich brownness of a hundred melted snows boils and tumbles with a new quickness. I look down into it. Somehow it is like people—here tumbling, impetuous, laughing; there by the rock frothy and troubled and mumbling; and there it is still and quiet and deep.

The song of a bird startles me from my reverie. Hear it? Three clear, high-pitched notes, then four short coaxing ones. Again and again he sings, each note rising above the other and each time my own heart thrills to its ecstacy.

Little Feathered Throat, can it be that you too feel a joyous response to this loveliness created by your Maker and mine?

Oh, rabid philosopher! Listen ,and far off among the dripping trees you will hear an answering song. This is spring, and life—and love.

RAINY DAY

MARY RUTH OLDT, '31

Grey clouds above me
Wind blowing 'round me
  Trees in mist.
Clean washed the sky
Carefree am I
  Rain kissed.

LIFE GOES ON

RUTH JAYNE SELLS, Newcomerstown, Ohio
First Prize, High School Literary Contest

THE night was the second before Christmas. The train sped along, devouring the silver ribbons that stretched in the distance, hurrying to complete its nightly journey and to reach its terminal at Chicago. This huge form of cold steel unknowingly carried on its chain of cars deep emotion, tense drama, sorrow and gladness; so intensely vital to those persons whose whole lives each affected, yet meaning so little to the puffing engine, the lighted cars that held them, or the other travelers who drowsily watched the passing landscape.

Outside, the gently falling snow clung to every telephone pole, every tree, the whole landscape, transforming the bleak, bare, ugly surface into forms of beauty. The hand of nature beautifying the world; to many persons, soothing their shattered nerves as they gazed out over the still restful white in the soft twilight.

A door slammed. The white-coated porter slowly made his way through the day coach, into the smoker, on through to the end of the train, and then back, shouting as he went, "First call for dinner."

In the smoker two men were seated together. Their apparel, the inevitable cigar in their months, the very air about them stamped them as members of the vast number who daily perform the world's business.

One glanced at his watch. "Five-thirty," he observed. "Shall we eat now, Stone?"

The other assented, and the two arose to make their way to the dining car.

"Well," remarked Stone, "I believe we have the deal as good as closed. We should reach Chicago at about eight-forty, then we can make all the remaining arrangements and finish up tomorrow morning."

"It will have to be done immediately or the firm will lose at least $25,000. Remember all law offices and practically every other office in Chicago will close early."

Their conversation drifted on—interrupted now and then by laughter—gay unrestrained laughter coming from a table some distance from that of the business men. Three girls discussing animatedly the coming vacation; the dances, parties, and various other social functions which each anticipated.

"—and Marcia, the sweetest blue velvet for the Club Dance! You'll love it!"

"I'll bet it's darling. I have an adorable white satin for the Christmas Dance, and Mother got me coral ear-rings and a bracelet and coral satin slippers to wear with it."

The third girl smiled at the eagerness of her friends, "I imagine Terry and I shall have to spend most of our evenings at home. But then—." Her voice was lost in the gay chatter of the others, yet the dreamy look in her eyes signified that she preferred to be at home with Terry. With a happy little sigh, she turned and gazed out the window at the feathery white flakes falling gently, caressing the earth. Then with another sigh she returned to her salad. Even if one were in love, one must eat.

The man back in the day coach wore an exceedingly well-cut suit. On the back of the seat opposite him lay a dark overcoat bearing the stamp of a well-known clothier. A slouch hat was pulled down over his right eye, faintly shadowing a ragged scar along his temple. At his side sat a girl. Her lips were painted brightly; heavily shadowed eye-lids partly covered the gray-green eyes which stared coolly at anything that happened to catch their attention for a moment. Her head turned slightly and she spoke to her companion in a low voice.

"Joe, what wouldja do if the cops happened to meet this train?"

Joe's eyes lifted slowly from the paper he held and

settled themselves on the girl's face. Cold, fearless eyes, penetrating in their gaze.

"Well, Marge, if anything goes wrong, you know what that makes you."

Joe returned to his paper and silence settled over the two. Soon the girl arose.

"Sit down! Whereja think you're goin'?"

"For a drink."

"Sit down."

Marge again took her place beside the man. This placid, expressionless face belied the tumult in her mind. Joe was going to throw her over. That she knew. She had heard the whisperings about the blonde he had been seen with so often lately.

That last job. If she told what she knew, Joe would be where he justly belonged. Did she dare? Rather than give him up to the other girl she would kill him, she told herself. Just as he had killed so many without even one thought for the victim. If she could only work out some sort of plan before they reached Chicago. A glance at her watch told her that it would be two hours until the train would pull in at Union Station. Two hours—perhaps——

At the end of the car a young man sat alone. In his hand was a crumpled piece of yellow paper. Untold agony and heartbreak were written on his face. If that piece of paper were straightened out, one could have read, "Baby dying stop come at once stop Julia."

The young man's thoughts were jumbled. He leaned forward and buried his face in his hands. His thoughts began to take form and to trace his brief happiness with Julia. That glorious day when Julia gave up her gorgeous home, defied her parents, and ran away with him. They had gone to a small city two hundred miles from the society whirl in Chicago to which she had belonged. Peter had a position which enabled them to have a small but comfortable apartment. They had been so happy that first year. And then little Peter's arrival had made them doubly happy.

But after that, in the midst of their happiness, with the baby still so tiny, Peter had lost his job. He hadn't been able to find another. There were so many more seeking the same jobs for which he applied. Julia and he had to give up the apartment and take two small rooms. It had been so hard for poor little Julie. She had never before known economy—and want. So she had taken little Peter and gone home.

Peter was still very proud though, and when he found a position he had not asked her, begged her, to bring their baby and come back, as his heart wanted to. But now things were so different. Little Peter, after making his two and a half years a path of sunshine, was dying. Wee Peter whose eyes were as blue as Julia's and whose fuzzy head had snuggled against his daddy's breast so often. How could God be so cruel?

And so the train sped on. Nearer and nearer to its destination, breaking the stillness of the snowy night as it went, bearing in its brightly lighted cars scores of persons, persons wih such widely differing interests in life. Speeding on to that great metropolis which held within its gates for some, happiness, for others only sorrow and sadness. Enclosing in its vast expanse, life, and death.

GOOD-BYE AGAIN

FRANK GROSJEAN, Horville, Ohio

Fourth Prize, High School Literary Contest

Good-bye again.
It seems to be my fate
To offer this farewell, and try again—
To fail, to weep. And wait
To say good-bye again.

Good-bye again.
Until you happen near
To kindle love, and watch it die again—
To break my heart. To hear
Me say good-bye again.

PICTURES FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP

MARGARET OLDT, '36

First Prize, Poetry, Underclass

AFTER THE RAIN

A parting of the misty clouds;
A glimpse of
A long, green range of mountain tops,
Low trees spread here and there.
Twenty silvery leaping streams,
Leaping down to meet the sea,
And then the closing of the clouds.

A VIEW

A village nestled in the foothills,
Surrounded by a patch work quilt
Of rice fields, green and yellow;
And then a golden beach stretched out
To meet the blue-green sea.

VESPER

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

In pagan temples quiet sanctities,
When purple hills obscure the sun's last ray,
Moist greyness softly dims the light of day,
And bathes in mist the Cryptomeria trees.
And mingled pine and incense on the breeze
Is wafted to the village far away
Where happy native children are at play,
Filled with the joy of childhood ecstasies.

Then ebony night in silent beauty fell.
A shaven priest moved slowly up the hill.
He strikes the hour upon the temple bell
Whose bronzed voice vibrates and floats until
The last deep tone dies tremblingly to tell
The pagan souls to worship. — All is still.

ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON

MARY MUMMA, '31

A key—and a whole afternoon to be spent in my girlhood home alone. The key was for the back door of the parsonage and as I walked along the narrow stones that led to the back yard, I was a strange mixture of emotion. A rose bush struggled for recognition from under its covering of snow. Just here I had had my face washed once,—on just such a day! I felt choked,—as if little hands were pulling at me. Hands that I loved, yet to which I could not respond.

I moved slowly on—but the back yard lent a strange feeling of disappointment. The ancient cherry tree over which I had often clambered was gone. The little cedar in the corner had evidently died, for there it stood, stripped of its branches,—a slender jagged post. Eagerly, I glanced into the apple tree among whose branches I had once built a platform from the kitchen table boards. The tree was bare, of course. What staid childless minister following us would want his backyard so littered up? But I felt an unreasoning rebellion. The hours I had spent on it, reading the "Marjorie" books and what not! Gazing somberly, I gleaned some comfort from the long low branch that still led out over the roof of the kitchen . Funny how it made me think of firecrackers! I grinned and felt better.

Carefully, I let myself in at the kitchen door and locked it behind me. This had once been home. . . . Gosh,—how many times had I washed dishes in that sink? The old faucet was still there, slightly wobbly on its long gray neck. The same lead pipe ran from it along the wall and down to the floor. It was all so familiar, yet so remote. And odd sense of possession vacillated with a sense of unfamiliarity as I moved about. There was the same half step leading from the study to the stairway. The telephone

was still in the same old place. But the house furnishings were so different. I had dreaded that and it was like a cold wall physically pressing against my heart, chilling the glad warmth it found there. Remembering,—I studied the west wall, looking on the wall paper for two grease spots side by side—one a little lower than the other. But of course the room had been repapered! Good heavens, wasn't there anything left?

I shook myself and drew a long breath. "Don't get morbid, funny!" I whispered, "You're you—and not a little girl any more," only . . . . God, why do we grow up?

A COUNTRY GIRL'S LAMENT

DOROTHY METZGER, '35

Reprinted from Trigintameron

Is it fair
that you should have so much
and I so bare a share
of this life's luxuries?

Is it fair
that you have hats and gowns and furs
and things galore
upon your wardrobe shelves,
while I must be content to have
but one good hat—
an extra dress or two?

And should you ride from place to place
in limousines—
and stop for tea with friends
and dine
and dance—
while I must walk a mile
to get to town.
And if it rains
I wear my overshoes
perchance.

Is it fair?

HER GARDEN

ELSIE CROY, '34

WHEN first I saw this little house it was fresh and white with a new coat of paint. The tiny lawn in which it was set was smooth and green from careful trimming and watering. Flower beds, their surface carefully broken, were trim with their plants set in perfectly straight rows. A little old lady was leaning lovingly over a flower bed, weeding, or carefully picking some lovely bloom.

* * * * * *

When next I saw this house it was a little grimy with a winter's soot from neighboring chimneys . . . Now it was spring again; and dandelions spotted the previously immaculate green. The soil in the flower beds had been turned; but the rows of flowers were crooked and the tiny plants projected too far above the ground as if old eyes had grown dim and near-sighted. Now, she leaned heavily on a cane as she walked about.

Later in the summer when I passed the house the grass was long and weeds predominated in the flower beds. The front blinds were lowered as if to shield old eyes.

* * * * * *

A year later the bare stalks of last year's flowers and weeds mingled with promiscuous new green plants. The grass, by its tall heavy growth, was choking itself out. Bare, blindless windows stared out, reflecting blankly the sun's piercing rays.

A stray piece of black ribbon completed the all-too-evident tale.

THE TRACKMAN

EDWIN BURTNER, '33

WHEN spring comes, when skies are white and blue, when new birds sing, my thoughts turn to track; to a track a quarter of a mile around and hard, where the air is fresh and a strong wind cool. For track is the sport of spring and he who loves track, who runs because it is fun to run, loves spring. With new life, new strength and a wild exultation a trackman swings into a fast run. The rhythms of a world—life, tide, seasons—all universal risings and fallings speed up, match his stride, free him to run and run and run.

On the day of a meet a trackman first warms up thoroughly and then gets a rub-down. The smell of linament, the low drone of friendly voices and the occasional sound of tearing tape seem parts of a cozy world—until he hears the "second call for the mile run." While the runner tries to quiet his breathing, the coach slaps him on the back and says, "Remember your guts on the back stretch. Warm up some more." With a last nervous tug at his shoe strings he takes to the track for a final warm-up. There he meets his running mate. A silent handclasp, a tightening grip. "Let's take 'em across!" "O. K."

Very shortly after the last call for the mile the runner should be at the starting line. He is a tense spring that will whip loose at the touch of a hair trigger—the gun goes off. After the first hard dash for the pole he gradually settles into an even easy stride. Perhaps he leads the first lap, usually the "short" one. But when he passes the starting line and hears the official call out, "One lap . . . three to go", he realizes with a shock that a hard grind has just begun.

On the second lap he may be "dogging" his man. As he watches his opponent's arms and legs, noting whether or not their motion is steady yet relaxed, he conjectures how hard a race he will likely have to

run. Thus, to some extent, he regulates his own pace, keeping close or conserving his energy as he thinks best. During the third lap when his feet get heavy, when his legs are tired, with a dry mouth and burning throat, with a hot stinging face, bursting chest and sickened stomach he must drive, push, force himself to take one more stride, another . . . a-another . . . an-other. Suddenly something snaps. He can increase his pace. He has light feet, strong legs, a cool face, big bellows in his chest and a floating resilient stride to match with the relentless crunch, crunch of his opponent's spiked shoes. Then it is he remembers his team mate who said, "O. K."

The last lap is run in dead earnest. With all his mind and will and strength the runner concentrates on the home stretch. He gradually but mercilessly speeds up the pace. In the lead, or behind, it makes no difference, he must put out everything he's got. His spikes dig in, his stride lengthens, his arms drive like pistons, his muscles strain, his chest heaves, sucking in and blowing out great breaths of air. He has a hundred yards to go; he must drive, drive; fifty yards to go—drive, drive, drive; a rod to go—drive, drive, drive, drive to the tape; and keep his feet. That's all.

If he has earned a right to rest he may at once go back to the cozy little world of the smell of liniment, the occasional "zaap" of tearing tape, and the low drone of friendly voices.

REALIZATION

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

WHEN winter winds were blowing I could not believe that she had gone. The white house stood unchanged; she must still be there, must soon come walking out our friendly street again.

But now when all our doors open wide to the Spring and hers opens not; when daffodils she planted flaunt their yellow ruffles against the vivid grass and she comes not to see their gayety; now the truth creeps in. I know she is gone and will not come again.

Her house is silent, rapt in memories of those who walk its rooms no more and grieving for her who was the last to leave. Daffodils sway to the rhythm of the wind. Birds sing in the cherry trees. But her house is tightly closed; not so much as a curtain stirs in welcome to the Spring. She will not come again.

A SONNET

BONITA ENGLE, '33

When o'er the town the dark of night comes creeping,
Man glories in his skill that hath created
A multitude of lights that, for his sleeping,
Doth vigil keep; he finds his fears abated.
But then the dawn! and, lo, its rosy hue,
Entwined with azure darts, doth herald the splendor
That dims man's glimmering light till lost from view,
And to the earth its perfect glow doth render.
So thou, fair one, doth far surpass all mortals
As yonder sun outshines the lamp's dim ray;
Thy loveliness entices back the portals
That, opening, free the radiance of day.
Though others may earn honor for their name,
Thou art the light that puts all else to shame.

DESIRE

MARY OTSUKI, '36

Reprinted from Trigintameron

ALWAYS, even as a child, I have had a mad desire to play the violin. It has been a wild and savage desire—wild like the mad beat of a storm-tossed sea; savage like the rhythmic crash of a tom-tom. If I could but grasp one in my hand, this eerie, haunting calling would cease. Tenderly, gently out of its depths I would coax sweet mellow words. Softly, ah how softly the aged wood would speak to me—answering the plaintive, lonesome cry of my soul.

Last night the winds whispered to me. They told me of crooning lullabies. They told me of flowers, nodding in the sunshine, of pines singing on the mountain tops at night, of tiny elfin fairies dancing in the moonlight. Then, the branches sang—soft dreamy music, music that tore through my heart. I listened: that music, those tones would I draw with my bow. My soul, my heart would find solace in those vibrating cords.

But that was last night. Today the wind no longer sings, the branches no longer lean near and whisper. Beside the window I stand and the violin hangs heavy in my hands. The music is gone—even the haunting call, the yearning, the longing is gone! Only the plaintive piercing cry of my soul remains.

REVIEW OF "PAPA LA FLEUR"

By Zona Gale

BETTY ZECHAR, '33
First Prize, Chaucer Club Book Review Contest

THE village of Portage, Wisconsin, may be a simple every-day village, but outside the village, high up above the river, is a home that is in a world of its own. There we see the blue green river, the little house, surrounded by a riot of flowers growing in a garden tended by loving hands. There is a little green island out in the wide river. Our people, Papa La Fleur, Linnie, and Dorothy belong there. Zona Gale does not describe people, but instead creates human beings that we can love or hate, that we can live with, and that we will always remember.

The sun, the calm river, happy Papa Le Fleur and Linnie paddling up the river together in their canoe make up a peaceful, pleasant setting that is changed by the current of human emotions and by nature's way of becoming dominating.

Our three people live in the little home, Papa La Fleur and Linnie united by a deeper bond than father and daughter relationship, Dorothy being almost an outsider, silent and bitter since her year in the city. Linnie and Papa La Fleur keep bees on the little green island that belongs to them. A power company wants Papa La Fleur to sell his island and Linnie, too, wants him to sell so that she can have her chance at life in a big city. He clings to his only possession and refuses to sell. Linnie, rebellious, loving her home and her father, yet hating her life there, disappears with "the power man".

Papa La Fleur no longer cares to live, his daughter has turned from him. He has been so happy and contented, asking such a little from life. Now even that little is denied him. Linnie with a "cruelty that

belongs to no generation" crushes Papa La Fleur, the devoted, uncomprehending father.

The flood waters coming together with the disappearance of the girl assume a new meaning. The uncontrollable waters are like the ruthlessness of youth. No more can these waters be crossed by the old man than can youth be understood by age, or age by youth.

With the deft strokes of an artist, Miss Gale paints for us pictures of her people that are immortal. The picture of little, frail, broken Pere La Fleur climbing down the steps to the landing, stepping into the canoe, being pulled ashore, then again climbing down those steps, again stepping into the canoe and being caught by the raging waters, is sad yet beautiful. It seems right that the river should at last claim dear, little Papa La Fleur.

Miss Gale has created a bit of life here; she has stirred our emotions, made us live in each of the people, made us understand them as they cannot understand each other. Linnie, fair, lovely, passionately desiring not to wound but to have a life alone, away from her people; Dorothy, mysterious, strange; yet both making their appeal to us for sympathy. The young men are not great characters, yet are wise and kind.

The book is vivid, the story is beautiful and will live forever in the hearts of those who read it.

MARCH

ELIZABETH LOCHER, Pandora, Ohio
Honorable Mention, High School Literary Contest

March
Is a laughing youth
With powerful hand
Who frolics in the forest
And then lies conquered
By a lovely maiden, April.

LITERARY ACTIVITIES AT OTTERBEIN

Those who have unusual ability in creative writing are eligible to membership in the Quiz and Quill Club, which carries on active creative writing throughout the year, sponsors contests in writing, and publishes Christmas and Spring numbers in its magazine.

Cleiorhetea and Philalethea, open to girls, are active in literary and dramatic work.

The Chaucer Club is composed of those interested in the study of literature and criticism. It annually awards prizes for essays in literary criticism by members of the club.

Approximately twenty-five students are included in the staff of the Tan and Cardinal, the student newspaper, which two years ago was recognized by the Ohio College Newspaper Association as the best bi-weekly college publication in the state.

DRAMATICS AND FORENSICS

Literary activities at Otterbein would not be complete unless added emphasis were given to the expressional part of education. Cap and Dagger and Theta Alpha Phi afford fine motivation for those interested in dramatics, not only in the sponsoring and producing of good plays, but also by the "get together" held each month which greatly enhances the powers of impression and expression.

Another field for our expressional life is in our Forensic program. The peak of this endeavor is election to Pi Kappa Delta. The Russell Declamation and Oratorical contests, the contests in literary and dramatic interpretation, supplemented by the Freshman-Sophomore Debate and the intercollegiate contests in debate and oratory, afford a speech program of which we are justly proud.

Ho Bohemia!

(Please Keep All Limbs Within the Car)

DEFIANCE

MARGARET PILKINGTON, '32

A neighbor said that she thought
The young people were going to the dogs,
What with the girls smoking and all—

I rattled the cellophane
In my pocket.

ONLY SHE GOT MAD

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

I DIDN'T do nothin' but kiss her, only I guess she got mad.

We was at the movies that night—me and Sally, I mean—and it was one of them romantic sort of shows with lots of lovin' in it. I didn't think much of it—I didn't like this Montgomery guy anyway—but Sally she liked it I guess. Anyway she kept puttin' her hand on my arm and sayin' as how marvelous he was, only I didn't like it because I don't like this Montgomery. But Sally she did and all the time she kept sayin' how handsome he was.

Well, it was a swell night out, warm and springy and everything, and me and Sally sits in the swing on the porch at her house, it being one of those soft swings with cushions and not one of them hard ones with slats. So we sits in it, and all at once Sally says,

"We been goin' together an awful long time now, ain't we Barney?" She always calls me Barney like everyone does, only my right name is Howard, which I don't see where they get Barney but that's what they call me.

"Yeh," I says, "we been goin' together pretty long."

"Fifteen months, to be exact, we been goin' together, which is one year and three months," she says.

"Yeh," I says, "I guess we been."

We sits there a while sayin' nothin', only keepin' quiet, and finally Sally says,

"I been thinkin' as how maybe you got something to say to me now as we been goin' together so long."

"I don't guess so," I says. "I said all I got to say, I guess, and I was sort of thinkin' about goin' home on account of I got to get up early and work."

"Well," she says, "folks is beginnin' to talk."

"How come talk?" I asks her.

" 'Bout you and me," she says, "goin' together now

fifteen months, which is to be exact one year and three months."

"What's that to them?" I says.

"Well," she says, "they been sort of sayin' that me and you should soon be gettin' married, or leastways engaged or somethin' seein' as we been goin' together so long."

"What's that to them whether you and me is engaged or not, seein' that it's none of their business, only our business?" I says.

She don't say nothin' only sits there for a while till after while she says,

"Well, I been wonderin' if maybe you wanted so that me and you should be engaged like, seein' as we been goin' together so long."

Well, I see what she's tryin' to do gettin' me engaged, which is just as bad as married, only I don't want to be since I like to be independent like and a woman ties you down like if you was married even if you're only maybe engaged.

"Well," I says, "I tell you, Sal"—which is how I call her when we're together alone, she and me—"I tell you, Sal," I says, "I like you an awful lot, which look at the fact that we been goin' together such a long time, but I like you mostly just like a sister, Sal," I says. Which ain't quite true because I'd never have gotten me into no such fix with no sister, only I didn't tell her that.

"Besides, Sal," I says, "I ain't got no money like for gettin' married, or even just engaged, which means the same as gettin' married only you just promise to and tell everybody like you're goin' to get married. I ain't got no money but my twenty-five per, which is hardly enough for one to live on, let alone two, which can't live as cheap as one like they say two can live cheaper than one."

Well, Sally don't say nothin' only sits still and don't look at me but just looks straight ahead, so I says,

"That's how I feel, Sal."

But she still just sits so I thinks I better be goin' home so I gets up, but she just keeps sittin' and lookin' straight ahead like she don't see me.

"Well, Sal," I says, "I guess I'll be goin', Sal."

"Yeh," she says, "I guess you better."

"Well," I says, "I'll be seein' you, Sal. When will I be seein' you?"

"I don't think," she says, "that we need as ever be seein' each other again," she says.

Which I don't think she means nohow and is only trying to kid me seein' as how we been goin' together so long, say fifteen months.

"Don't kid me, baby," I says—which is how I call her sometimes and always makes her feel good—"don't kid me, baby," I says. "I'll be seein' you tomorrow night like always," I says.

I guess I'll go around and see Sally Saturday night, only I guess it'll be all right then since this swellin' by my eye is goin' down, which was black and blue as if I ran into a door, which I told people is how I got it black.

I didn't do nothin' but kiss her, only I guess she got mad.

LAZY MAN'S POETRY

LUCILLE SHOOP, '36

If you intended an ode
You should not turn to triolets.
Why not stay "a la mode"
When you intended an ode?
(For Rose knew, from the road,
That you'd see her spring violets.)
If you intended an ode,
Why go changing to triolets?

THE STORY OF THE WOODEN TOOTHPICKS

CHARLES G. SHAW, '35

Reprinted from "Trigintameron"

ONCE upon a time in the far-off kingdom of Albeinia there reigned a wise old monarch named Wallace. King Wallace, or "Wally", as he was affectionately referred to by his loving subjects, ruled his domain in a wise and fatherly manner, thus earning the respect of all neighboring states. Truly, it was a veritable Utopia where morality was taken as a matter of course; in fact it was the main course at all public gatherings. Thus we have pictured for us the setting at the time of the terrible episode of the wooden toothpicks.

Just as Adam and Eve promulgated sin into the world, similarly had a certain Albienian once caused great consternation in the staid little kingdom when he was detected in the act of picking his teeth with a wooden toothpick. This was unbelievable, for tradition had long dictated that only goose quills and hairpins should be employed by the populace to clean its teeth. King Wallace dealt with the offender in a just and efficient way, and he chose to regard the incident as an exception to the general rule.

Other Albeinians used the forbidden article and found it very much to their liking, and soon the custom gained in popularity. The wise old monarch was sorely grieved at this state of affairs, and he, together with the Senate of Wise Old Men, who formed his advisory cabinet, published pamphlets noting the awful results which came from using the detestable toothpicks. It was shown that such a practice would cause decay that neither Pepsodent or Listerine could effectively combat and check. As a special inducement the King issued a proclamation in which he conceded to his subjects the use of paper clips at formal public gatherings. He hoped sincerely that this con-

cession would serve to satisfy the cravings of the Albeinians.

Such was not the case, however, for the use of wooden toothpicks had become an obsession with much of the population and nothing but the unqualified sanction of wooden toothpicks would appease their desires. A common practice at public feasts was to cause the king's chaperon to become intoxicated, and then everybody would use wooden toothpicks to the heart's delight. The practice grew more and more open until one fall the Street Cleaners' Guild, which annually held a feast, caused it to be generally known that wooden toothpicks would be used at the approaching festival. Controlling his wrath to a remarkable degree, King Wallace summoned the president of the Guild and ordered him either to agree to the absence of wooden toothpicks or—(Since the president was a good boatsman, he chose the oar.) The feast was held and wooden toothpicks were served immediately at the close of the meal. On hearing of this outrage, the King at once suspended the entire Street Cleaners' Guild and ordered its president into exile. Later, he recalled the latter's sentence when the offender promised faithfully to aid in stamping out the insidious practice.

Public sentiment was stirred to the extent that a great public feast was planned and held at which wooden toothpicks were used with great abandon. Now, indeed, the wrath of the poor monarch knew no bounds. In a public proclamation he voiced his indignation in no uncertain terms, and the majority of the subjects soon perceived the folly of their ways, although a few Communists still held fast to their disorderly ideas.

Some time later a popular vote on the matter of the use of wooden toothpicks showed that seventy percent of the people were in favor of wooden toothpicks while the other thirty percent desired to remain in the King's good graces. This was the extent of any constructive activity, and the interest of the peo-

ple waned with the oncoming generations who were lulled into indifference by the diplomatic lullabies of Wise King Wallace. Thus it came to pass that even false teeth must be picked with goose quills or hairpins.

INCOMPATIBILITY

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

This I love:
New pale apple-blossoms' glow
When warm winds blow
Away the snow.

Or:
Books upon a rainy day
When fire darts play
Up chimney gray.

But this I hate:
Musty pages in Spring weather
When youths and birds together
New nests feather.

REMARKS ON PARTING

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

Three things, my dear, I have to say
To you before you go away.

I loved you lightly, kept my heart;
I knew some day we'd have to part.
I loved you wisely, not too well:
Stood by and watched you while you fell.
I loved industriously, 'tis true—
I'll sell your letters back to you.

For these three things, my dear, you'll pay—
And then, sweet love, be on your way!

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HO-BOHEMIA

Announcement of Awards

CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST FOR HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

Over one hundred manuscripts were submitted in the first Quiz and Quill Creative Writing Contest among High School Seniors. Five prizes have been awarded and eleven other productions given honorable mention. The judges of the contest were Hugh Fullerton, of the Columbus Dispatch, and Walter Jones and Roy A. Burkhart, magazine writers.

AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00—Sketch.
"Life Goes On"—Ruth Jayne Sells, Newcomerstown, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00—Poem.
"I Am the Wind"—Arthur Palmer, Napoleon, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00—Sketch.
"Ride"—Loraine Basinger, Pandora, Ohio.

FOURTH PRIZE—$5.00—Poem.
"Goodbye Again"—Frank Grosjean, Orrville, Ohio.

FIFTH PRIZE—$5.00—Poem.
"And Now I'm Dead"—Virginia Drake, Bay Village, Ohio.

HONORABLE MENTION:

"When the Tide Comes In"—Virginia Gothe, Warsaw, Ind.
"A Poem by a Girl"—Katherine Pfening, Upper Arlington, Columbus, Ohio.
"Men Are Sometimes Wrong"—Lucille Booth, Newcomerstown, Ohio.
"The Parrot Talks"—Helen Payne, Croton, Ohio.
"Moonlight Plunge"—Ruth Grimm, Warsaw, Ind.
"The Dizzy Grocer's Boy"—Arnold D. Welty, Pandora, Ohio.
"The Cowboy"—Richard Warner, Jefferson Township High School, Dayton, Ohio.
"Firelight"—Bert Craft, Warsaw, Ind.
"A Camp On the River"—David Lloyd, Warsaw, Ind.
"Spring-Fall"—Betty Hoag, Bay Village, Ohio.
"March"—Elizabeth Locher, Pandora, Ohio.

The fine response to the first Quiz and Quill Contest move, will, in all probability, lead the Club to sponsor the contest again next year. Separate awards will be made in the fields of poetry and prose. Details of the contest, if it is held, will be made in the Fall of 1933.

The Quiz and Quill Club

of Otterbein College

offers

FIFTY DOLLARS ($50) IN PRIZES

for the best **original creative writing** submitted by High School Seniors of the Middle West.

First Prize	$25.00
Second Prize	$10.00
Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes	$5 each

The contest will be governed by the following rules:

A prose production should not exceed one thousand words; a production in verse should not exceed fifty lines.

Three typewritten copies of each manuscript (two may be carbon) must be sent to Professor C. O. Altman, Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio, before March 1, 1933.

The name of the writer should not be placed on the manuscript, but on a separate sheet.

Each manuscript must be accompanied by a statement of the principal or a teacher of English of the high school, vouching for the originality of the manuscript and the classification of the student.

The judges for the contest will be Hugh Fullerton, Columbus Dispatch writer, and Walter Jones and Roy A. Burkhart, magazine writers.

The winning productions will be published either in the Spring number of the Quiz and Quill magazine, or in the 1933 Christmas number.

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio.